

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 649.

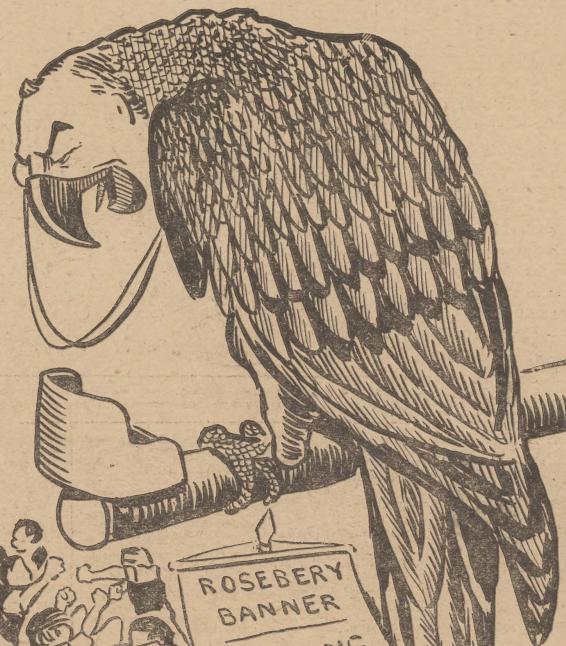
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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

"YOUR FEUD WILL COST YOU MORE!"

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Mr. George R. Sims's witty summary of the political situation. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his followers have split from Lord Rosebery and his followers over the Home Rule question, and civil warfare of a mild sort is going on in the Liberal Disunion Party. The cry of the latter of "Your food will cost you more," when slightly altered, can very well be used by Mr. Chamberlain.

DESPERATE STATE OF RUSSIA.

Strike of Telegraphists isolates the Empire.

REPORTED BATTLE.

Fierce Conflict Between Loyalists and Mutineers at Sevastopol.

FINANCIAL PERIL.

An amazing development of the Russian débâcle took place yesterday.

In all parts of the empire the telegraphists struck. Russia is cut off from communication with the rest of the world.

This blow, coming on top of the widespread agrarian disorders and the naval and military disaffection, is backed by threats of another railway strike. The result is such as would be expected.

There is a financial panic in St. Petersburg. The Stock Exchange is crowded with would-be sellers, and prices have reached the lowest point yet known.

The Admiralty, according to Laffan, has received tidings of an engagement between the mutineers and loyalists at Sevastopol. The two rebel warships are stated to be in a sinking condition.

Truly the Russian revolution is marching on with startling rapidity.

PANIC ON THE BOURSE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—The general situation is regarded as most desperate. The lack of news from the provinces increases the growing panic.

A railway strike is momentarily expected.

Frantic selling is taking place on the Stock Exchange, and prices have reached the lowest point yet recorded.—Reuter.

RUSSIA'S ISOLATION.

Reuter's Agency learns that owing to the general strike of telegraphists employed by the Russian Government telegraphic communication with Russia is almost entirely cut off.

The only messages which are coming through are from St. Petersburg, and are being forwarded by way of Finland. Since Tuesday afternoon the Indo-European Telegraph Company, which connects England with Warsaw and Odessa, has ceased to work, not through any failure on the part of the staff of the company in question, but owing to the action of the Russian employees. The interruption of telegraphic communication to Odessa does not, however, interfere in any way with the Indo-European's through route to India and the East.

FROM SIBERIA TO ODESSA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—The telegraph strike has already spread to other towns in Russia, including Kharkoff, Odessa, Rostoff, Riga, and Libau, and has extended even to Siberia.

The telegraph operators declare that they will not resume work with their comrades, who were dismissed for attempting to form a union, are reinstated.—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday, 5.0 p.m.—The telegraphists have struck throughout the provinces, except in Finland and at Warsaw.—Reuter.

MUTINY IN THE GUARDS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—According to the newspapers, the men of the Semonoff Regiment of the Guard, and of the Chasseurs of the Guard, have refused to arrest any of their comrades.

The Naval Barracks in St. Petersburg are not only locked, but barred every night as a precautionary measure.—Reuter.

SEVASTOPOL IN FLAMES.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—A dispatch received by the Admiralty from Sevastopol states that the remainder of the fleet to-day bombarded the Ochakoff and the Potemkin, in which alone the spirit of mutiny survived. They are both in a sinking condition.

Batteries of artillery were also brought into action, and bombarded the barracks held by the mutineers. The troops had previously arrested the naval mutineers ashore.

The town is in flames, and the battle continues.—Laffan.

MOB OF SOCIALISTS.

Graceless Demonstration Against the Princess Royal.

WORKMEN HOLD ALOOF.

Some Social Democrats of no importance made an unruly and ill-advised "demonstration" yesterday on the occasion of the opening by the Princess Royal of the Church Army Labour Tent at Kingsway, in the Strand.

The men were called together by an inflammatory and insulting manifesto issued by Mr. Jack Williams, a member of the Social Democratic Federation, who called upon his followers to "roll up in your thousands and express your opinion of religious sweaters who exploit the unemployed workers."

"Curse their charity," concluded this elegant document, "We want work not as a charity but as a right. God save the people!"

Imbued with these doctrines, Socialists from all parts of London marched to Kingsway and surrounded the Church Army premises in such a menacing way that the ordinary public were relieved to see in attendance a large force of police.

THREATENING CROWD.

At times the Socialists assumed an alarmingly excited attitude.

When the guests for the opening of the new tent began to arrive, the approach of each carriage was greeted with ominous groans and howls of execration.

Fortunately, by the time the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife arrived the Socialists had started on a march to the Embankment, and her Royal Highness was saved the pain of hearing or seeing anything of this graceless demonstration.

The Rev. W. Carlie met the royal party, and after the Princess had received a small bundle of wood as a sample of work done at the tents, the Duke of Fife, in a speech full of sympathy with the work of relieving the present distress, declared the tent open on behalf of his royal wife.

WILD TALK.

Meanwhile, the Socialists had marched to Cleopatra's Needle.

On the Embankment the demonstrators were repelled with violent attacks upon the leading politicians—except Mr. Chamberlain, who was credited with an attempt to solve the industrial problem—Mr. Carlie, and General Booth.

The two latter were accused of paying "sweatings" wages. Even the Princess Royal did not escape abuse.

Said Mr. Williams:—"The Princess Royal, being made use of by Mr. Carlie, has to sneak by the back door, and if she is to be used for that purpose, even her womanhood cannot be allowed to stand between you and your protest against sweating."

The same speaker urged them to march on Friday to the Guildhall to strike terror into the hearts of the Unemployed Committee.

It is significant that the genuine unemployed, who are thankful for their relief, held aloof from these tactics, with which they have no sympathy.

In reply to socialist accusations of sweating, Mr. Carlie says the Church Army always pays trade union rates and sometimes even higher wages.

WORK FOR EX-SOLDIERS.

War Office Committee of Inquiry Appointed, with Sir Edward Ward as Chairman.

The Secretary of State for War has appointed a committee to inquire into the question of the provision of civil employment for ex-soldiers.

The inquiry will be specially directed toward finding out whether the amalgamation of all the organisations existing for this purpose would not greatly forward the desired end.

Sir Edward Ward, the Under-Secretary for War, is chairman, and A. C. Pedley, Esq., secretary of the committee, which is composed of the following gentlemen:—

Major-General Lord Cheylesmore, Colonel W. Elliott, Sir F. Harrison, Sir G. Livesey, Major-General H. S. G. Miles, and Colonel H. A. Walsh.

BULLDOGS TO GUARD GUARDIANS.

So vigorous is the canvassing by friends of the numerous applicants for the vacant post of a reviewing officer at Nottingham that a guardian suggested at the last board meeting that all the members be provided with bulldogs, to put an end to the "intolerable nuisance."

DOCTOR MURDERED IN NIGERIA.

Dr. John Stewart, medical officer of Belfast prison, has received intelligence of the murder in Southern Nigeria of his son, Dr. J. F. Stewart.

On November 16 he lost his way, and was cut down by natives. He had only reached Africa nine days previously.

IRISH PLOT TO KIDNAP VICEROY.

Mr. O'Brien Reveals a Lurid Home Rule Conspiracy of the 'Eighties.

The story of Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Brien discussing a sensational plot to kidnap the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from Dublin Castle is told by Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., in his "Recollections," which was published yesterday by Messrs. Macmillan.

It happened in 1882-3, soon after the Phoenix Park murders. The Royal Irish Constabulary and the Dublin metropolitan police had agitated for higher pay, and 1,000 of them were practically in revolt. A deputation from the police waited upon Mr. O'Brien to invite him to address a meeting of malcontents.

Then, he says, he thought of a plan to go to the meeting, excite the men to the highest possible pitch of excitement, and march the 1,000 constables upon Dublin Castle. Then to seize the Lord Lieutenant and his Chief Secretary and, holding them as hostages, get possession of the wires and excite a revolt among the constabulary throughout the country to strengthen his party in its negotiations with the Government.

Mr. O'Brien says he discussed this scheme with Mr. Parnell, and it was only abandoned because the Fenian Party, through timidity and partly through jealousy of the parliamentary representatives, refused to take part in it.

SIR HENRY TO SPEAK AGAIN.

Many members of Parliament delivered speeches last night, but none of them threw much light upon the political situation.

Sir J. Dickinson-Poynier, speaking at Chippingham, said the differences between Lord Rosebery and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman need not affect the unity of the party.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has suddenly decided to speak at Althy, near Belmont Castle, his Perthshire home, to-night, and it is hoped that he will throw some light upon the crisis in the Liberal Party.

MANACLED IN SIBERIA.

Russian Ill-Treatment of British Sailors Captured During the War.

VICTORIA (B.C.), Wednesday.—A sealer named Findlay, who has arrived here after being released from a Russian prison, reports that the sealing schooner Diana, which was considered lost, was captured in August, 1904, by the Russian cruiser Lena, and destroyed.

The crew of six were imprisoned at Haupuski, on the Omur River. Captain Thompson, known in Canada and the United States, was Findlay states, kept manacled with chains on his legs and body.

Findlay thinks that the Diana flew the Norwegian flag.

At Pens he met four British prisoners, officers of the Japanese steamer Sardinian, which was captured by the Russians. They were Captain Anderson, Chief Officer Dring, Chief Engineer Kerr, and Engineer Carmichael.—Reuter.

WINDFALL OF £400,000.

Commercial Traveller Inherits Great Wealth and a Splendid Chateau.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—A Paris commercial traveller named M. Louis de Bonbee, aged twenty-eight, has just been left a fortune of £400,000 and the splendid chateau of Viven.

It appears that the Marchioness de Vivens died recently, at the age of eighty-one. She had no near relatives, and her notary, after several days' investigation, discovered that the nearest heir was the traveller, a cousin three degrees removed.

It was necessary to show M. Bonbee the written proof of his inheritance before he would believe that the fortune had reverted to him.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

At Brown's Bay yesterday was washed ashore the body of Alexander McNeill, ninth and last victim of the Laramie steamship disaster.

News of the Amundsen Norwegian expedition to the North Pole, dated as recently as May 22, has been received by the Governor of the Hudson Bay Territory.

Three young ladies, sisters of the Franciscan Order, who have decided to devote themselves to ministering to the sufferers in the leper settlement in Japan, sailed yesterday from Victoria, B.C., for Yokohama.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Increasing south-easterly winds; fair, foggy, and frosty early; rain or snow later. Lightning at 5.30 p.m.

Sea passages may be moderate to rough.

EMPLOYING THE UNEMPLOYED.

4,945 Men Helped Under the

"Daily Mirror" Scheme.

WORK FOR THE WOMEN

Lady St. Helier Busy Finding Wages for Female Breadwinners.

To-day 1,000 men are at work earning the wage of 8s. 6d. generously subscribed by the readers of the *Daily Mirror*.

Since the first 100 men were employed in Westminster a week and a half ago, until to-day the *Daily Mirror* has found a day's work and wages for 4,945 workless men! And these men, their wives, and children, but for this timely help, would have been cold and hungry. Many of those families contain seven or eight children. The number of persons fed by providing the men with work is at least five times the number employed—over 23,000.

Twenty-sixboroughs are now in line with the *Daily Mirror's* scheme for finding immediate work for the willing unemployed.

Theboroughs at work to-day are:—

West Ham: 100 men street-sweeping.

Stepney: 100 men—40 p.-paper, some for the roads at 10s. 6d. 100 unskilled women.

Southwark: 60 men road-mending.

London: 100 men street-sweeping.

Southwark: 60 men street-sweeping.

Islington: 100 men street-sweeping.

Leicester: 100 men street-sweeping.

Leeds: 100 men street-sweeping.

Nottingham: 100 men street-sweeping.

Finsbury: 50 men cutting trench for the building of a sewer.

Marylebone: 25 men street-sweeping.

Tottenham: 100 men street-sweeping.

Of the remaining boroughs:—

Westminster has had four days' work for 100 men.

Paddington has had five days' work for 100 men.

Hampstead starts work with 100 men to-morrow.

Stepney starts work with 50 men to-morrow.

Those waiting to begin are:—

Greenwich: 50 men.

Chester: 50 men.

Bethnal Green: 50 men.

Holborn: 50 men.

Until permanent relief work is found by the authorities, the great army of the willing unemployed looks to the *Daily Mirror* to continue the task of finding them, not charity, but wages for useful work.

LADY ST. HELIER'S SCHEME.

Lady St. Helier spent several hours yesterday in perfecting her scheme for finding work for 100 unemployed women. In the afternoon she talked to the *Daily Mirror* over the telephone.

"On Saturday I shall have 100 women working in Haggerston, Hoxton, Hackney, Wick, Bethnal Green, and Shoreditch," she said.

"I have come across cases of distress so terrible that I cannot relate them. Your readers, generous as they are, cannot appreciate the good work they are doing. They are taking comfort to places where there has been no comfort for months."

Lady Gwen-Owen Guinness is among the many kind-hearted ladies who are giving Lady St. Helier all possible assistance so that the scheme may prove successful.

Mrs. Rutledge, a Dalston lady, who acts as Lady St. Helier's assistant in some of her numerous charities, explained to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday how the work was arranged.

"I have a woman who cuts up the calico," she said, "and who is paid a penny for each garment she cuts out. She is so expert that she earns 4s. a day easily."

"Then the work is folded up and sent to the homes of the women, who must return it within a week. I pay for all the work as soon as it has been returned and passed all necessary inspection.

"I buy all the tape and buttons as well as the material, and in cases where the women are destitute I even provide the cotton as well. I can seldom find enough work for the women to do, for they are always eager to do as much work as they can."

The 100 women will be paid piecework, according to a fixed scale. The following are fixed:—Men's shirts, 10d. and 1s.; boys' ditto, 4d. and 6d.; men's nightshirts, 8d. and 10d.; boys' ditto, 4d., 5d. and 6d.

When the garments are made they will be sold at less than cost price to the women who made them, and who are unable, because of their destination, to purchase garments in the ordinary way.

SIR CHARLES WYNDEHAM'S GIFT.

Unable to fix a suitable date for a benefit performance at the New Theatre in aid of the unemployed, Sir Charles Wyndham has sent the Mayor of Westminster £300. He also enclosed £100 from Miss Mary Moore.

SCANDAL AT A LONDON HOSPITAL.

Half the Staff Resigns on the Ground of "Mismanagement."

ALL ADVICE IGNORED.

Half of the medical and nursing staffs of the Queen's Jubilee Hospital, Earl's Court, have resigned as a protest against the bad management of the board of managers.

The "Lancet" announces the resignation of the assistant surgeon, Mr. W. Forbes Ross, F.R.C.S. (Eng.); the assistant ophthalmic surgeon, Mr. A. H. Payan Dawney, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.; and of the ear surgeon, Mr. A. Gordon Wilson, M.D., F.R.C.S., all of whom are among the most highly-esteemed and eminent in their profession.

And on inquiry at the hospital yesterday, the *Daily Mirror* learned that the matron, the sister, and one staff nurse have also resigned, and will leave next Saturday.

Investigation into the state of affairs at the hospital shows that they are fully justified in this course of action.

Striking Proofs of Mismanagement.

Let any member of the committee of the King Edward VII. Hospital Fund pay a visit to the hospital to see for himself its insanitary and unsuitable condition. The very ceilings of the sick wards are blackened with the accumulated grime of years. The board of management have been informed of this repeatedly, yet nothing is done to effect a reform in so inexpensive yet vital a direction.

And the public are being asked to hand over £20,000 for building extensions to what must be a hopelessly incompetent body.

There could be no more striking proof of the discord and mismanagement which appear to be the chronic state of affairs at this hospital than the fact that in the last nine months seven successive board of managers have resigned their positions.

So scandalous was the condition of the hospital recently that new patients were put between sheets just vacated by other patients, and unwashed. There was hardly any line for use. There were no separate quarters for night nurses.

Managers Ignore Advice.

The *Daily Mirror* has learned that in matters that should be left to the matron and her assistants, for instance, bed linen and beds, members of the board of management refuse to take the advice of anyone, preferring to make the purchases themselves.

As an example of their methods it may be mentioned that two of them recently spent £20 of the public money at an auction sale, where they bought a lot of dilapidated bedsteads and other furniture for the wards and the nurses.

Yet this grossly mismanaged hospital, small as it is, and capable of giving the nurses very limited opportunities for learning, asks premiums of proportioners. Applicants are sometimes asked as much as £50, a sum which in many cases represents years of saving and self-denial.

At St. Bartholomew's and King's College Hospitals no premiums are taken, and in the former a salary is paid from the first. And in large London hospitals where the practice of taking paying proportioners obtains, £20 is the largest premium. A nurse from one of these hospitals, has, however, a good standing in the profession; but so notorious is the condition of the Queen's Jubilee Hospital that it is quite valueless to a nurse as a reference.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ILL.

Ordered Complete Rest After a Breakdown Resulting from Overwork.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., has had a sudden breakdown in health, the result of overwork.

He has been ordered complete rest, and will not be able to fulfil his engagements for the next ten days. He is recuperating at the house of personal friends at Cranford (Dorsetshire).

Lord Ilchester is reported to be lying in a serious condition at Melbury House, Dorchester.

Lord Dunraven was unable to address a meeting in Edinburgh last night, owing to a sore throat.

POOR LAW COMMISSION'S SECRETARY.

Mr. R. H. A. G. Duff, of the Local Government Board, has been appointed secretary to the Poor Law Commission.

SUFFOCATED ON A LIFEBOAT.

Two members of the New Brighton steam life-boat crew, Allen Dodd and John Johns, both conspicuous for gallantry in life-saving, were suffocated on board the vessel in the Alfred Dock, Birkenhead, yesterday.

They entered the stokehold to sleep, closing the ventilators and leaving one of the boiler fires burning. Some hours later they were both found dead.

BIBLICAL MIRACLES.

Rev. R. J. Campbell's Striking Views on the Higher Criticism.

In an interesting article on "Biblical Criticism and the Pulpit," in the December "National Review," the Rev. R. J. Campbell says it would seem that the pulpit has been going too fast for the pew.

Speaking of the "Protestant scholasticism, which insisted as rigidly on obedience to the letter of the Scripture as Romanists have ever done to the authority of the teaching Church," Mr. Campbell says: "The real strength of Protestantism did not lie in this position; it is a position the weakness of which the inconsistencies of Protestant theology have made apparent from the first, but which Biblical criticism is now rendering absolutely intolerable. Nevertheless, there are many who cling desperately to the theory of an infallible Book as an alternative to the infallible Church. If these were to continue a majority, Protestantism could not much longer maintain its existence against the claims of Rome."

Taking, among other examples, the case of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still at Ajalon, Mr. Campbell points out that the criticism has shown that the verse is an interpolated fragment from a more ancient book. It is merely a line of epic poetry. Reduced to prose, it simply means that the day was not long enough to complete the Israelitish victory.

A similar figure is used by Shakespeare in King John:—

To solemnise this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist.

"Will?" asks Mr. Campbell, "some future higher criticism have to explain that Shakespeare never meant to assert that the solar system was thrown out of gear by a royal marriage?"

THE KAISER'S DEAFNESS.

London Aurist Summoned To Perform a Delicate Operation on His Majesty.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Wednesday.—Disquieting developments of the disease of the ear from which the Kaiser has suffered from birth having recently occurred, a distinguished London aurist, of European reputation, has been summoned here to perform an operation.

A severe catarrh, following a cold, has led to suppuration of the middle ear, producing a painful discharge accompanied by acute neuralgia.

The gravity of the operation lies in the danger that the disease may afterwards spread into the membranes of the brain and cause meningitis, that blood-poisoning may be set up, or that a serious brain affection be developed.

THE GERMAN DANGER.

All Party Differences Disappear Before Germany's Ambition to Dominate the Sea.

"As Germany feels confident that she can defeat France on the ocean, it is perfectly clear that the additional naval armaments which are now clamoured for can only be directed against this country, which alone possesses a distinct superiority over Germany on the sea."

These striking words are contained in an article in the "National Review" on the German Naval League, and by a coincidence form a striking comment on the Kaiser's speech from the Throne on Tuesday.

It is useless for Great Britain to think that the Social Democrats and other parties will oppose the strength of the German navy. "All differences have disappeared before Germany's ambition to dominate the sea."

EXCITING FIRE RESCUES.

Crowds Cheer While Three Children are Gallantly Rescued in the Nick of Time.

Two little girls and a boy named Voleshan nearly lost their lives in a disastrous fire which broke out last night in Cressell-street, St. George's-in-the-East.

Flames were rolling out of the shop in great sheets when the firemen arrived. Amid breathless excitement they dashed up the staircase on being told that someone was still in the burning building. They were only just in time, and rousing cheering greeted them as, half-suffocated themselves, the gallant fell them down three insensible children—two girls aged five and seven respectively, and a boy aged three.

"JAGGERS" AS DETECTIVE.

"Jaggers," the messenger-boy notorious for his globe-trotting exploit, has come into prominence again.

He is now employed by a tradesman in Pimlico, and was responsible, by his smartness, for the arrest of a man, who, for attempting to rob his master, was sentenced at Westminster to fourteen days' hard labour.

They entered the stokehold to sleep, closing the ventilators and leaving one of the boiler fires burning. Some hours later they were both found dead.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Arrangements for To-morrow's Quiet Family Celebrations.

AFFECTIONATE MESSAGES.

Queen Alexandra will celebrate her birthday at Sandringham to-morrow in the company of relatives and intimate friends.

It was her Majesty's desire that her brother, the King of Greece, should remain in England for the anniversary, but his Majesty's arrangements did not permit of alteration.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will, of course, be absent, but the King, Princess Victoria, and the sons and daughters of the Prince of Wales will take part in the celebration.

Prince Nicholas of Greece, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Marquis de Soveral, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, the Earl and Countess De Grey, Lord H. Vane Tempest, Lord Dalmeny, and Lord Revelstoke are among the members of the house-party.

School Children Entertained.

Before breakfast-time to-morrow messages containing affectionate wishes will arrive at Sandringham from the many European royalties to whom her Majesty is related, with a cable from the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Soon after Prince Edward and others of the royal grandchildren will present birthday gifts and ask to be excused from "lessons."

Later in the day all the school-children on the estate will be entertained to tea in the respective schoolrooms, and it is hoped that the Queen will honour one of the larger schools with her presence.

The King, who was wearing a Norfolk shooting suit and a scarlet tam-o'-shanter, drove over in his pony carriage at noon, and shot for several hours. The bag of partridges was very large.

EIDER-DOWN FOR COOLIES.

Happy "Slaves". Who Repose in Decorated Cubicles.

Sir William Preece narrated some of his experiences with the British Association before the Society of Arts last evening.

The Chinese coolies, he said, were very comfortable. Their cubicles were decorated, and they were supplied with eider-down quilts. Not a vestige of slavery was apparent.

The white man as a labourer is not in favour in South Africa. One farmer, asked if he could not substitute white for coloured labour on his farm, said:—

"Yes, but no thank you. I'd rather not take on the worry. My people are happy and contented, but white men would not be. They would be constantly agitating, and I should be worried with all and more of the English labour trouble."

"BULLS" EAT BEAR.

New Luncheon Dishes from Russia Prove Highly Popular Among City Men.

Bear meat proved a distinct success as a luncheon dish in London yesterday.

From one o'clock onwards the little German restaurant in Cheapside of which Mr. A. F. P. Haroske proprietor, was crowded to its limit, and many curious stockbrokers, both "bulls" and "bears," were devouring the flesh of the Russian animal with considerable relish—and no visible trepidation at all.

The two dishes on the menu were: "Bear ragout with potatoes" and "Bear ham with Burgundy sauce."

Mr. Haroske, who has had a wire from a Glasgow hotel asking if he could let them have a part of the bear, saw no reason why bear should not "catch on." "You know," he said to the *Daily Mirror*, "you English want a change. Every day it's beef and chops and steaks. Nothing fresh."

BRITAIN'S YOUNGEST MARQUIS.

Among the many titled people at the Animal Lovers' Bazaar at Caxton Hall, Westminster, yesterday, was Lord Donegall, the youngest marquis.

This pretty little boy of two years old is Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh.

CAPTAIN'S AMAZING INDIFFERENCE.

After a prolonged inquiry, a coroner's jury at King's Lynn yesterday returned a verdict of Manslaughter against Captain James Leveritt, of the ss. *Tangier*, which, when leaving Lynn for Hamburg, ran down and sank the ketch *Evening Star*. The crew of the latter—three hands—were drowned.

Captain Leveritt admitted that his vessel was going at full speed, that he did not slow down, and that he did not attempt to render any assistance to the *Evening Star*.

"ALL BLACK" FEVER.

Enormous Demand for Seats for Saturday's Match—£5 Offered for 5s. Place.

Interest in the great match at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, when the "All Blacks" will meet a picked team representing England, has reached fever heat.

Over 100,000 people, it is estimated, will be present. All the seats were sold two days ago, and £3,000 has been returned to late applicants, who are clamouring for reserved standing room. For a 5s. seat £5 was offered yesterday, and for a 2s. 6d. seat £2.

Among those intending to witness the match are the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Onslow, the Countess of Dundonald, Sir William Treloar, Lord Kinnaird, and Lord Marcus Beresford. Excursion trains will bring hosts from all parts of the country, from Glasgow and Newcastle in the north, and Bristol and Swansea in the west.

The "All Blacks" will arrive at Sydenham on Friday morning, and in the afternoon will have a practice game.

They have been invited, to take tea with the Rev. W. Carile, of the Church Army, on Sunday, and to attend service at St. Mary-at-Hill in the evening. Mr. Carile will take the "All Blacks" as the text for his sermon, and one of the team will read the lessons.

FOOTBALL "BUTCHER'S BILL."

Game Abolished as a Recognised Sport at an American University.

Football, as played in America, has been abolished as one of the recognised sports of the students at Columbia University, says Reuter's New York correspondent.

This is a result of the great outcry caused by increasing brutality of the game in the United States. Nineteen youths have been killed and 137 seriously injured in the season just closed. Yale, Harvard, and Princeton Universities, which provide the other chief football clubs, are likely to be affected by the Columbia action.

President Roosevelt, whose son was seriously hurt in a recent match, thinks the game might be reformed rather than abolished, and will attend a match on Saturday at Yale, to see in which direction an improvement can be made.

SCOTLAND NEARER PERFECTION.

Less Whisky Consumed, but More Wife-Beating Practised, Since 1901.

Ever since 1901 Scotland has been floating on a sea of temperance towards a higher ideal of national perfection.

This, at least, is one of the facts emerging from the huge mass of figures given in the Judicial Statistics of Scotland for 1904, issued as a Blue-book yesterday.

The "Land o' Cakes" had been morally sinking for fifteen years; then it awoke, and, metaphorically, pulled itself together in 1901, since when drunkenness has gradually declined, and even Glasgow and Edinburgh are comparatively temperate.

While the Scotsman has visited the hostelry less often since the date mentioned, it has to be confessed that, for a year or two at least, he spent more time in the reprehensible pastime of wife-beating. That he indulged less in burglary and theft is a saving clause.

MAN WITH SEVEN WIVES.

Plausible and Hardened Criminal's Systematic Frauds on Women.

A remarkable career of crime has been led by John Cass Charlesworth, a man of sixty-five.

Mr. Justice Darling described him as a deliberate and hardened criminal at the York Assizes on Tuesday when he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for bigamy—an offence for which he had previously suffered imprisonment.

Charlesworth, who is an engineer and a man of most plausible manners, used to advertise for a wife, and by this means came into association with women of means.

It is said that he has been married seven times, and has frequently been punished for obtaining money by false pretences.

PRINCELY STATE AT LAHORE.

LAHORE, Wednesday.—The Prince last evening had a brilliant reception of princes and chiefs of this part of India, a general reception following.

The scene presented by the magnificent dresses of the native rulers and dignitaries, combined with the varied native and European military uniforms, was one of great splendour.—Reuter.

As a result of a wager made at dinner, two Oxford undergraduates, Messrs. D. Findlay and C. Tower, of Christchurch, walked, in evening dress, from Oxford to Reading, a distance of twenty-nine miles, within eight hours,

BARONESS CHARGED WITH THEFT.

Extraordinary Outcome of a Women's Quarrel About a Pet Cat.

The affection of Mme. Janotta, the Queen's favourite pianist, for her pet cat was said to be the indirect cause of an extraordinary charge of theft preferred against a baroness at Westminster yesterday.

The Baroness Camilla von Perglass, with a dressmaker named Elizabeth Colenutt, was accused of stealing a sixpenny brooch, the property of the organisers of the Animal Lovers' Bazaar.

Among the patrons of the bazaar are the Princess Ludwig von Lowenstein-Wertheim, the Duchess of Hamilton, the Duchess of Portland, and the Countess of Warwick; and the stall-holders include some of the best-known leaders of the social world. The Baroness von Perglass's name appears on the catalogue among those of the helpers at the Oriental Stall, which is presided over by Lady Windsor.

Detective-sergeant Burrett told the magistrate that when he was on special duty in the bazaar on Tuesday evening he kept the baroness under notice, in consequence of a communication made to him by Miss Tanner, the secretary of the bazaar.

A Sixpenny Brooch.

He saw her go round the room with small articles upon a tray for sale. She handed the brooch to Elizabeth Colenutt without receiving any payment for it, and the latter put it in her pocket.

The Baroness and Colenutt were then called into the office. The latter said she did not know why the brooch was given her, and the Baroness said she would have accounted for it and paid for it in the ordinary way.

Counsel for Baroness von Perglass said the charge had been engineered by a jealous woman, Mme. Janotta, and the magistrate adjourned the case to enable that lady to be called.

But in the afternoon it was stated that Mme. Janotta declined to appear. Mr. Conway, for the Baroness, said that Mme. Janotta and his client had lived together for five years, but they had disagreed through a pet cat, which Mme. Janotta alleged the Baroness had destroyed. Threats were then made that the Baroness should be ruined.

The defendants were discharged.

G. B. S., SALVATIONIST.

Commissioner, Judging from New Play, Thinks Playwright Would Make Excellent "Soldier."

Salvationists think Mr. George Bernard Shaw would make a capital soldier in their army!

"We do not know Mr. Shaw, but we should like to make his acquaintance," said Commissioner Nicol to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday in reply to the remark that "Major Barbara," G. B. S.'s new play, made more than one reflection upon the work and methods of the Salvation Army.

"I am not going to see the play, but from what I can learn of it I can only say that we should like Mr. Shaw to become a Salvationist. If he knows so much of the methods of the army from the outside, what an excellent Salvationist he would make."

We should like to hear Mr. Shaw's comment.

MOTHER-IN-LAW OBDURATE.

Bride's Painful Story of Brief Married Life with Her Mistress's Son.

Whilst acting as companion to his mother, a pretty young girl became acquainted with Richard Wood James Pike, an independent young man, living in Park View-terrace, Wimbledon.

Last July he married her, but she told the South-Western magistrate yesterday, after a hansomcy at Bournemouth, to her great astonishment he told her he would not live with her.

There had been no quarrel, but her husband's mother had refused her admission to the house.

The magistrate granted her alimony to the extent of £78 a year.

SCHOOLBOY SMOKING OPTIONAL.

Sir Francis Cory-Wright, dealing at Highgate yesterday with a case in which a master punished a schoolboy for smoking, held that a teacher had no jurisdiction, as the boy was not at the time in school or going to or from school.

The master, he held, acted illegally, and the parents had their remedy.

"ANNOYING" WEEDKILLER TEA.

"You are a bad girl, and I believe your action was to be petty, foolish spite," said Justice Grantham at Maidstone yesterday, sentencing Sophie Ethel Bourne, a servant girl, to three years' penal servitude.

She was accused of attempting to poison her mistress at Penge by putting "weedkiller" in her tea, but the jury held that she had no intent to kill, but merely to annoy.

CRIME SYNDICATE CRUSHED.

Sentence of Seven Years on "Dr." Bridgewater, the Head of an International Gang of Cultured Swindlers.

DRAMATIC SCENES IN COURT.

"Dr." Talbot Bridgewater, the master forger and platonic lover of Miss Toovey, was yesterday sentenced at the Old Bailey to seven years' penal servitude.

With him stood in the dock Lionel Peyton Holmes, a portly and bourgeois type of man; William Edward Shakell, intellectual in face and smart in dress; and Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, whose part in the story is an unimportant one.

All were charged with having to do with the forgery of a cheque for £819 on the account of Mr. Marshall Fox, the American millionaire.

Everybody has heard the story of how "Dr." Bridgewater took on the part of lover, and played Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Toovey, the businesswoman who acted as Mr. Marshall Fox's secretary. Romeo was the heart and soul of the swindlers, and it was only fitting that his sentence should fit the heart and soul.

Shakell was given five years' penal servitude, and Holmes fifteen months' hard labour. As to Mrs. Foster, she was found not guilty, but was put down to await her trial in December on another account.

Dramatic Scene.

The closing scenes in the trial, which has lasted a fortnight, were dramatic.

The Common Serjeant, in summing up, referred to Bridgewater's association with the convict Fisher, and the occasions on which the two were seen together.

Bridgewater sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing, and his long Kaiser pattern moustache bristling like a tiger cat's. Banging the clock rail, he shouted: "Stay! What next! Does it follow that if I go up in a balloon with a man that I commit a crime? Is this taking an impartial view of the case? Impartial-bal!"

At last, after the Judge had occupied three hours and three-quarters in smoothing out the tangled skein of evidence for the benefit of the jury, the latter retired. They took only thirty-five minutes to find all the male prisoners guilty.

Den of Thieves.

Chief Detective-Inspector Arrow was then called to speak to the character of Bridgewater. He stated that at Bridgewater's premises the police found a quantity of correspondence from well-known thieves, confidence trick men, and international criminals.

The Common Serjeant: He has not been connected before with any case so serious as this.

Inspector Arrow: Yes, my lord; there was the great bank robbery at Glasgow, when over £5,000 was stolen. Three men were convicted for that, and their defence was arranged for and paid for by a man named Haines, who was associated at the time with Bridgewater, and it is believed that he was acting for Bridgewater.

Continuing, Arrow said that amongst the letters found at Bridgewater's was one from a well-known international criminal, Johnnie Carr, at present in custody in Copenhagen in connection with the recent Liverpool bank frauds. The inspector spoke to other criminals with whom Bridgewater was associated, and added that nine-tenths of his mercantile business was of a disreputable character.

Fruitless Denials.

"Dr." Bridgewater: I have only to say that this is a colossal police blunder, and a diabolical outrage in the name of law. I know nothing whatever of this case—more no than the Judge on the Bench. My reputation extends unimpaired over nearly thirty years. I have treated members of Parliament, Bishops, Judges on the Bench, and other eminent men, and I never had one stain upon my reputation before this. Those men who are said to be my colleagues were merely patients of mine.

The Common Serjeant, in passing sentence, said it was absolutely clear that Bridgewater had engineered the crime. As for Shakell, he was a man of extraordinary audacity and unprecedented resource.

"The sentence will be quashed," said Shakell dramatically, and then, to the accompaniment of a scream from a woman in the gallery, the three men were hurried below.

HEAD OF A CRIME SYNDICATE.

Thus, for a time at least, is crushed one of the most remarkable combinations—a veritable syndicate of crime—that has yet come to light. To people who knew "Dr." Bridgewater in a professional capacity he was simply a well-dressed, affable man of the world—rich, clever, a good conversationalist, and with a remarkable power of making himself pleasant in any company.

He was certainly not handsome, with his beak-like nose, heavy chin, wavy "mousey" mous-

tache, and swarthy complexion, but he had a conscious strength and a fine physique that at least secured the admiration of women, and even won the heart of the very business-like Miss Toovey.

Such was Bridgewater in professional life. Behind the scenes he was very much like Professor Moriarty in "Sherlock Holmes." He was the managing director of "The Crime Syndicate, Unlimited," not registered at Somerset House, but having branches in all parts of the world, and ready to undertake villainies of any magnitude.

Educated Thieves.

Himself an Irishman by birth, but Australian by adoption, he gathered round him scoundrels of every nationality. His medical establishments in Oxford-street and Soho were the headquarters of a great international gang of swindlers and robbers—not of that sordid Bill Sikes and Fagin type, but well-educated people with the manners of a good social caste.

The love-story of Miss Toovey is one example of the workings of these people. But there are many other schemes by which these cosmopolitan scoundrels got into contact with people of wealth and position, and obtained scent of plunder.

WORKING A CRIME COMBINE.

Forgery, as thus organised, is one of the fine arts. Curiously enough, few Englishmen ever reach the highest niches in the profession. The artists are mostly Americans, Germans, or Poles. They frequently have English confederates, but the latter are almost invariably employed in the branches of the business that require nerve rather than skill and organising ability.

Thus Fisher, who played a leading part in the forgery of Mr. Marshall Fox's cheque, and whose confession has brought "Dr." Bridgewater to a convict prison, is an American, of German descent.

The organisation of a crime syndicate is remarkable. A gang of forgers, now happily broken up, had, in addition to their headquarters in London, branch establishments in New York and Cairo. Through the operations of this particular gang hundreds of banks were defrauded of large sums for a period of over five years.

The Wily "Putter-up."

"Dr." Bridgewater, as leader of such an organisation, would be known as the "putter-up" or financier of the concern. The "putter-up" always has in his employ a man of irreproachable address and manners. This man travels on the steamers going between England and America, or England and Egypt.

Towards the close of the voyage, he organised a concert on board for some deserving charity, and headed a subscription sheet with a substantial sum. Of course, almost every passenger follows suit, and in this manner the forger's agent becomes possessed of the signatures of a large number of wealthy people, many being business men in the habit of issuing cheques for large amounts, almost for a period of over five years.

The Struck Terror into the Judges.

Mr. Justice Bigham: Who were the Judges?

Mrs. Pearson: The Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Kennedy, and Mr. Justice Ridley.

A little while afterwards Mrs. Pearson said:

Mr. Justice Bigham: "The affidavit would do you no harm on end."

Ultimately a verdict was given for the landlady.

GIRL-MAN'S DESPAIR.

Vivid Narrative by the Brave Constance Who Tried to Save Her.

Further details of the extraordinary life-story of the girl who, in man's attire, jumped from a train at Stockton, and was killed, were told at an adjourned inquest yesterday.

In opening the proceedings, the coroner said that the publicity given by the Press had been of greatest service to the police in assisting them to discover that the dead "Shillson" was the "Miss James" who had been sentenced at the Old Bailey last year.

The first witness was Police-constable Richardson, who, his head swathed in bandages, told the Court how he had been taking "Miss James," the man's attire, as a prisoner from Burley Stockton.

He remarked that "Shillson's" walk was hardly like a man's, and his prisoner explained that he had broken "his" ankle.

The constable described the struggle in the train. He said that while hanging out of the window a woman apparently opened the door and fell out together. She jumped up crying, "Save me from Justice Darling!" and threw herself under the train. Witness drew her out, but threw herself under again.

The constable tried to get help but failed. When he went to his prisoner she said: "Give me poison. Let me finish it. It has been all or nothing, and I have lost."

The brother of the dead woman asked that name should not be divulged in the interests of living. He said his sister was a very wayward girl, and a source of great anxiety to her parents, had been in prison for fraud, and also for attempted suicide.

It was seeing her description in the papers that led him to come forward to identify her. He did not see her for five or six years.

The jury returned a verdict that deceased lost life on the railway whilst trying to defend the cause of justice, and the constable's conduct was highly commended.

"Miss James" was charged with attempted suicide in Margate in 1902.

"TERRORISED" JUDGES.

Well-Known Lady Litigant Tells in Court "Hair-Raising" Affidavit.

Mrs. Pearson, the well-known lady litigant, enjoyed the novelty yesterday of appearing before Mr. Justice Bigham as a defendant.

She was sued for board and lodging at a private hotel near Piccadilly, and, of course, conducted her defence in person. She was emphatic about her affidavit put in by her landlady.

"It struck terror into the Judges of the District Court," she explained to the Judge.

Mr. Justice Bigham: Who were the Judges?

Mrs. Pearson: The Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Kennedy, and Mr. Justice Ridley.

A little while afterwards Mrs. Pearson said:

Mr. Justice Bigham: "The affidavit would do you no harm on end."

Ultimately a verdict was given for the landlady.

TATTOO MARKS NOT EVIDENCE.

Magistrate Declines To Consider Identity of Alleged Deserter Proved by Such Trifles.

The much-vexed problem of "identification" came up in a fresh form at Willesden Police Court yesterday, when a man charged with being deserted from the 2nd Royal Fusiliers, denied he was the person sought.

The constable who arrested him said that he so because he corresponded with the description published in the "Gazette" of the man wanted, three points: height, colour of hair and eyes, tattoo marks on the arm.

Magistrate: If you arrested every man having tattoo marks on the arm, he would be as safe as a nail. And as to the tattoo marks, very few unskilled labourers have arms tattooed.

He was held to stand the escort, because he shall not sign the commitment.

The accused was remanded for a day.

'The Hard Case of the Clergyman's Wife.'

Outspoken Article in the XMAS

'World & His Wife.'

OUT TO-MORROW.
PRICE SIXPENCE.
ORDER IT NOW.

PASTRY-MAKING AND MORALS.

Skilful Confectionery Artist's Quartette of Romances.

LIBEL ACTION FAILS.

He was a little, pale-faced, mild-mannered man. He shrank as he stepped into the witness-box of Mr. Justice Bigham's court and saw hundreds of pairs of curious eyes gazing at him.

In the pleadings of the "Rankin v. Thres" libel action heard yesterday he appeared as John Rankin, claiming damages because his master, an Ilford confectioner, had marked "bad" after "moral character" in a reference form regarding him.

The past of the timid little pastry-cook, as detailed in court, was as follows:—

1876.—Married Sophie Welbermer in Germany. Left her "at the church door," and came to England.

1889.—"Married" Emily Fields, his first wife being, as far as he knew, alive.

1899.—Became the reputed husband of Hannah Jane Fields, known as "Hannah Jane Rankin," his second (her sister) "wife" having married somebody else.

1904.—Walked out with and proposed marriage to Annie Spinks, his third "wife" then suffering from an illness that caused her death.

1904.—Walked out with a Miss Annie G.—

The excusable or innocent relationships with all these "Annies" etc.—it was submitted, on Mr. von Rankin's behalf—it did not warrant his moral character being stigmatised as "bad."

SUBTLE POINT.

At this point in the proceedings a subtle problem suggested itself to Mr. Justice Bigham's judicial mind.

Mr. von Rankin—his Lordship insisted on the "von"—was claiming damages for injury to his character qua pastry-cook. Did the possession of a bad moral character make a man a bad pastry-cook? His Lordship thought not, remarking:—

I should not think his moral character would affect his pastry a bit. (Loud laughter.)

That Mr. von Rankin was indeed an excellent pastry-cook not even his opponents denied. It was stated that when he applied for a post at Messrs. William Whiteley's, in Westbourne-grove, he sent photographs of his masterpieces and confectionery triumphs.

To one of the "Annies" Mr. von Rankin wrote:—

"My dearest Annie, forgive me to call you by that name. You have trampled on my devotion to you, and you make me out to be a liar and a criminal."

Also:—

"Dear Annie, I am surprised at your writing a letter to me. I did not get it. You have made things worse. She (one of the Mrs. von Rankins) will not speak to me any more."

It was in consequence of Mr. von Rankin's inability to explain these letters that the jury stopped the case and brought in a verdict for the defendant, who had pleaded justification.

JUDGE'S WIFE'S CLOTHES.

Ex-Lord Chief Justice Successfully Defends Action by Former Wife's Dressmaker.

The unusual spectacle of an ex-Lord Chief Justice of Sierra Leone and Chairman of the Court of London Sessions (in the absence of the present Chairman and Deputy Chairman) figuring as a defendant was witnessed in the Westminster County Court yesterday.

Sir William Quayle Jones and Lady Jones were sued by Mme. Luce Tanner, a dressmaker, of 72, Gloucester-street, who sought to recover £65 for clothes supplied to Lady Jones.

From April last year to last January, said Madame, she supplied dresses to Lady Jones, who was living then in Royal-avenue.

Sir William Quayle Jones, who was represented by counsel, appeared as a witness. He married Lady Jones, he said, in June of 1903.

He found his wife was very extravagant, and incurring debts. He forbade her, about two years ago, to pledge his credit or run up accounts with anybody. Originally he allowed her £30 a year for dresses, then £40, and, at a later period, £50.

He was divorced from Lady Jones at the beginning of this year. Witness's income was about £600 per year. He had no knowledge that Lady Jones was running up an account with plaintiff. He was never more astonished in his life than when he received plaintiff's account.

Counsel for Lady Jones submitted that Sir William was responsible for the payment of the debt, and alleged Sir William and Lady Jones were living together until March of this year. If they had not been divorced the action would have never been heard.

His Honour dismissed Sir William from the action and allowed him costs, and gave judgment for the amount claimed, with costs, against Lady Jones.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

From to-morrow the London and North-Western trains running between Earl's Court and the Manse House will be motor-drawn.

Earl Russell was one of the witnesses examined before the Royal Commission on Motor-Cars yesterday.

Either lost or stolen, the post office mail-bag for Hastings disappeared from London Bridge Station yesterday.

Mr. Edward Plummer, a well-known London sporting journalist, died at his residence yesterday in his sixtieth year.

Half-way to the water a steam yacht which was being launched at Leith yesterday suddenly came to a standstill and could not be moved.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard, the novelist, gave evidence before Lord Tennyson's Departmental Committee on Agricultural Settlements in the Colonies yesterday.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon Carter, who retired on half-pay yesterday, affords the only instance of a trooper in the 1st Life Guards rising to the rank of a commissioned officer in his own regiment.

Owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Lewis Waller, the Lord Chief Justice yesterday again adjourned for a fortnight the case of Syrett v. Waller, an action for personal injuries in a motor-car accident.

Driven from her moorings in the violent gale, the Channel lightship Sandette was yesterday taken in tow by a passing steamer near Flushing.

At West Ham yesterday a man was summoned for keeping eight dogs without a licence, and Mr. Gillespie fined him £28 in all, or 80 days'.

An escape of petrol caused a fire in a large motor-car near Bolton yesterday, and three gentlemen passengers sustained injuries by jumping out.

Mr. Paul Taylor, at Marylebone yesterday, announced the receipt of a cheque for £200, a legacy to the poor-box from the late Captain Bramwell, of Hampstead.

A Warrington correspondent writes that he has an eighteen months old retriever who fetches his newspaper every morning, and with a can and a bag calls for milk and potatoes.

Leicester Corporation yesterday agreed to pay Messrs. Walker and Sons £500, or £1,000 less than they claimed, for damages to their hosiery stock caused by smuts from the chimney of the municipal electric power station.

East Preston (Sussex) Guardians are thinking of reverting to corn-grinding as a task for tramps, because it is so much more remunerative than stone-breaking. In fact, vagrants have been known to protest against the work, because they earned the authorities more than it cost to keep them.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otho Stuart. TO-NIGHT, at 8. MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY at 2. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The play will commence at 8 precisely. Matines at 2. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 2645 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. EVERY EVENING, at 8 (last three weeks). Charles Dickens' OLIVER TWIST. Dramatised by J. Congreve. MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY, at 2. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

IMPERIAL. Mr. LEWIS WALLER. THE PERFECT LOVER. AS AIDEN SUTTO. A. S. 16. THE TEMPTATION OF SAMUEL BURGE.

NEW THEATRE.—CHARLES WYNDHAM. To-night at 9. Matines, Wed. and Sat. at 2. CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE. By H. Davies. CHARLES WYNDHAM. MATINEES EVERY WED. AND SAT. at 2. Miss MARION TERRY. Miss MARY MOORE. Preceded, at 8.30, by "The American Widow."

WALDORF THEATRE.—"LIGHTS OUT." Lessons, the Messrs. Shurber. EVERY EVENING, at 9. LIGHTS OUT.

H. V. EDMOND. CHARLES FULTON. HENRY VIBART. CHARLES WILDMAR.

Preceded, 8.10, by Henry de Vries in "The Factory Fire." Miss DALBERG open 10 to 10. Tel. 3540 Gerrard.

THE COLOSSEUM, CHARING CROSS. THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all boxes should accompany all posted applications for seats. PRICES: Boxes, 22s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. Box Seats, 12s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. Balcony, 6d. (Telephone 7639 Gerrard.) Grand Tier, 1s. 6d. Balcony, 6d. (Telephone 7639 Gerrard.) Children under twelve, half-price to all Pantomimes and Stalls. Telegrams, "Coliseum, London."

LONDON HIPPODROME. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 4. AMONG THE STARS, including ROMMORTONS, SAWADIE, BO KOO, FOUR LEGGUSONS, SISTERS WARWICK, THE TUPPS, LES POLLUS, SELMA BRAATHA, ELLIOTT, MELMONT, KELLY, KELLY, SPRING, MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN, SISTERS BELLATZIER, LEONARD GAUTIER, PAOLA CHIESA, THE USSEMS, etc.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS. "HENGLER'S," OXFORD-CIRCUS. W. 12. 200 Performers. Box and 6d. Prices. 4s. to 2s. Children half-price to 2s. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel. 5138 GER. "Jumbo Junior," Society's latest pet, "At Home" daily.

POLYTECHNIC, READING-STREET. DAILY at 3. WESSEX GRAND ANIMATOGRAPH ENTERTAINMENT. OUR NAVY and OUR ARMY. MAGNIFICENT NEW PROGRAMME. Our Army past and present. Our Army past and present. Seats 1s, 2s, 3s, and 4s, booked at Polytechnic and Agents.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RLY. CHEAP AUTUMN SEASIDE EXCURSIONS. From Victoria, Kensington, Paddington, and certain Suburban Stations.

Week-end	To	Day TICKETS every WEEKDAY.	
Week-end	From	From	
	London	Victoria	
	Bridge	Return	
		Euro.	
s. d.			
6 0	BRIGHTON	9 22	10 40
7 0	WOKING		5 42
7 0	SEAFORD		5 19
7 0	BRIDLINGTON		5 19
7 6	BEXHILL	9 45	9 45
8 0	HASTINGS		5 10
8 0	LEEDS		5 25
8 0	BEDFORD	10 25	10 30
8 2	CHICHESTER		5 68
9 2	HARROGATE		5 92
9 6	PORTSMOUTH		—
12 0	SOUTHERN		—
	ISLE OF WIGHT		—

B—Issued every Friday, Saturday and Sunday by all Trains. *Do not take Supt. of m., L. & S. C. R., London ridge.*

MOROCCO, CANARY ISLANDS, and MADEIRA. UNIQUE SEA VOYAGE of 24 days, sailing from London EVERY THURSDAY. 2s. to 22s. guaranteed inclusive. Return 1s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. Return 1s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. B gratis from FORWOOD BROS. and CO., 45, St. Mary's E.C., or from the offices of Messrs. THOS. COOK and SONS.

PERSONAL.

YOUR promise unknown. Say, kindly. Excellent motives understood.

LOVELY Art Table Centres for Xmas presents. 7d. carpeted. British Novelty Co., St. Paul's rd.

ROBERTS.—Meet me at Alfred Dunhill's Patent Agency and 3, Argyll-place, Regent-street W.

FINANCIER.—Many thanks. D. Always thinking and longing. Very sorry not coming this evening. Cannot last much longer. Your kind regards.

ORIGINAL Private Greeting Cards (2s. to 5s. per dozen), direct from the manufacturers at first cost factory prices; samples free. Sharp, Walker, and Co., 148-149, Holborn, London, E.C.

* * * The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and printed at the rate of nine words for 1s. 6d., and 12 words for 2s. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with a covering note.

Printed in Paris. Length eight words for 4s. and 6s. per word after. Address Advertisement Manager, Mirror, 12, Whitefriars-st. London.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A Genuine Home Employment.—Tinting small prints; experience unnecessary.—Stamped envelope (30), 17, Hand-lay, Fulham.

AGENTS wanted for sale of good class blouses and clothing. Walker, Boddy and Co., Manufacturers (Dept. 30), Wanstead.

AMBITION! Men anxious to get on should join the School of Motoring, premises at 10, Beresford-st., Liverpool, 225, Didsbury, Manchester, and Lord-st., Southport.

EARN Money by writing at home; postcard brings details and testimonials. "Workers' Press" Office, (46), Hornchurch.

EMPLACEMENT.—Hundreds of men have three or four hours to spare daily, and could in that time earn a substantial addition to their income. If you wish to take advantage of a general offer, write to the office for particulars. S. 1942, Daily Mirror, 12, Whitefriars-st. London.

FIVE Pounds per week earned by advertisement writers. We test their ability and send you a position; for employed graduates and prospects post free. Page-Davis Co. (Dept. 109), 195, Oxford-st. London, W.

FREE—Pocket Rubber Stamp of your name and address. Conditions—Circular. S. 1942, Daily Mirror, 12, Whitefriars-st. London.

GENTLEMAN'S Son required; accomplished, good conversationalist, musical.—B. B., 1, Porchester-gardens, Hyde Park.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL OPENS KING'S LABOUR TENTS.



The Princess Royal being greeted at the King's Labour Tents in Kingway by Rev. W. Carillo, head of the Church Army.

Sir Francis Burnand, the editor of "Punch," was yesterday celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday.

The "Blue Moon" reaches its hundredth performance at the Lyric Theatre next Tuesday evening.

Five hundred sett-makers at the Newry granite quarries have struck work rather than submit to a reduction of wages.

One of the reasons given for failure by a Brighton firm of tailors was the decrease in the livery trade owing to the introduction of motor-cars.

Forty-three Filey fishermen have been paid £7 15s. each for refloating the steamship Tobyton, of Glasgow, which went ashore at Filey on June 19.

Hull magistrates have made an example of a youth named George Allen, whom they fined 15s. for striking matches on the mahogany front of a new shop in the city square.

"It may see somewhat strange," said Judge Bompas, K.C., at the Bradford County Court, "but we lawyers, though we have a bad character, do care more for justice than for money."

At the close of the funeral of John Jackson, for many years huntsman of the Holcombe, who died while out with the hounds, at Balderton, Bury, the Rossendale huntsman blew the call over his grange.

The disastrous explosion last July at the Thames Storage Company's powder-magazine at St. Mary's Marshes, Kent, is ascribed by the Government to the spontaneous decomposition of one of the explosives. He recommends that grass near such magazines should not be allowed to grow too long, to prevent flames spreading rapidly.

DAILY MAIL

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2199 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reffex," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1905.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL PLAN

HERE is no getting away from the unemployed. A Royal Commission has been appointed to inquire into them. A Royal Princess yesterday opened the Church Army tents, where work will be offered to them. Mr. Bernard Shaw's play is largely about them. They fill the public eye.

From the Royal Commission nothing need be expected. It will hold a great many meetings and spend a good deal of money, and eventually it will present several reports. Is there any chance of eighteen men and women of widely differing views coming to any agreement upon such a vexed question as the best way of dealing with those who won't work; those who can't work; and those who want work, but can't get it?

It would not be surprising if every member of the Commission presented a report of his own. How can Mr. Loch, of the Charity Organisation Society, be expected to agree with a Socialist like Mr. Lansbury? What chance is there of inducing a Professor of Political Economy to look at the question in the same way as Mr. Charles Booth, whose books on London life have shown the awful results of the competitive system?

No, the Problem of the Poor is not one to be discussed in a leisurely manner round a table by a miscellaneous collection of theorists and officials, with scarcely a leaven of practical men. There has been enough discussion. It is time for action, one way or the other.

If we mean to leave untouched the system of "Every man for himself and Devil take the hindmost," then let us, in pity and mercy, decide to treat old and worn-out and diseased human beings as we treat useless horses and suffering cattle and homeless dogs. Let us put them out of their misery and pain.

If, on the other hand, we are resolved to face the difficulty like men with hearts and human sympathies, let us lose no time in setting up a system under which no one who is ready to work need starve. What the *Daily Mirror* has done on a small scale, the Government and the local authorities must do on a large scale.

The money could be raised by the further taxation of unearned incomes, ground-rents, and luxuries. It could be devoted to doing all kinds of useful things—tiling the soil, rebuilding the slums, making better roads, among others.

At first the man whose heart has been taken out of him and his strength diminished and brought low by casual labour with its inevitable consequences, slackness and semi-starvation—at first he would not be able to do a shilling's worth of work for a shilling. Then we should have to be content with nine-penn'orth. At any rate, that would be cheaper than getting nothing out of him at all, which is what we are doing now.

H. H. F.

FIENDISH FOOTBALL.

They are a curious people, the Americans. They are always telling us through megaphones how practical they are. Yet they don't know how to deal with such a simple matter as brutality on the football field.

Their papers are full of the subject. It is dealt with in speeches, sermons, leading articles, cartoons. Everybody talks about it. Nobody does anything.

How do we keep our football free from the scenes which disgrace the United States? Simply by turning off the field any man who deliberately plays foul, and boycotting any club which makes a habit of hooliganism.

The man with the whistle is the man the Americans need. They had better ask us to lend them half a dozen football referees for a few months.

A. H. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.—*Cartier*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE diplomatic appointments officially announced yesterday were eagerly discussed at the chief political clubs. Sir Arthur Nicolson has certainly been set the most arduous task. He goes to St. Petersburg at the most critical moment in the history of modern Russia. It is only to be hoped that his first few months there will not be spent in the midst of fire and sword. Of the other appointments, that of Sir William Congham Greene to be Minister at Bucharest is interesting. It was he who came so prominently before the world as British Agent at Pretoria, from 1896 to 1898, during the negotiations which led to the Boer war.

* * *

He was appointed to that important post at Pretoria mainly owing to his remarkable knowledge of Dutch—a language few people trouble to learn. He became on this account as popular as circumstances would permit with the Boers and their respectable ladies. The average Boer housewife does not aim at being a refined and delicate woman of the world. Her manners are sincere, but she ignores etiquette. Somebody once told a comic

another nephew, with a nearer claim, was said to be alive. The trial began in June, and went on till August. Then the Judge took a well-earned holiday. However, further proceedings in the autumn were quashed by the discovery that the child for whom the title was claimed had been procured from a pauper in a Liverpool workhouse.

* * *

Literary society in Manchester is much concerned at the death of Mrs. C. P. Scott, the well-known editor of the "Manchester Guardian." She was a singularly interesting woman who had, in younger days, been also very beautiful. Her maiden name was Rachel Cook, and she came from a family of learned people—learned especially in all things Biblical, and received, in accordance with family tradition, an unusually careful education for a time when women were supposed to be eccentric and ugly if they showed any serious aim in life. She was, in fact, the first woman who ever tried for honours in the Cambridge Classical Tripos, and was awarded a second class in the lists of 1872.

* * *

Cleverness is proverbially supposed to be either a substitute for, or an interference with, the beauty

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

MAN-LIKE WOMEN.

Why a woman should want to be a man I cannot understand. I get up early to go to the office. My wife gets up when she pleases.

I am at work hard all day. She can do her household duties in a couple of hours easily. Then she takes the baby for a walk or a drive. The afternoon is her own.

I admit she makes good use of her time, and I don't grudge it to her in the least. But don't let there be any mistake about who has the better time.

Tokenhouse-buildings, E.C.

FINANCE.

Women who are men-like are so, I think, because they can earn a better living and have a better time as men than they could have as women.

I am myself a "man-woman." Six years ago it struck me that I could do better as a man. I had my hair cut and left off my skirt.

Within three years I got a place at more than double the salary I had earned as a woman.

Since then I have had several places, but have not been out of work for more than two weeks between any of them.

People remark sometimes on my writing, but I don't think anyone has ever thought that I am not a man.

A SELF-MADE "MAN."

Kennington Park-road.

SHOULD MARRIED WOMEN WORK?

May I ask what experience "A Business Girl" has had of married women and their lives? I presume she does not know how absolutely necessary it is for some married women to work.

In some cases husbands barely earn sufficient wages to keep themselves. Therefore I think it a great credit to a married woman to assist her husband when necessary.

AN EXPERIENCED MARRIED WOMAN.
Holborn, W.C.

I am decidedly of opinion that married women should not work, especially in our Board schools. I have a brother holding a good position in the City. There is no occasion for his wife to earn her living, yet she has held a position of schoolmistress for at least twenty-seven years, thus doing a single woman out of a berth.

I have only earned at most a third of my brother's salary, but I am glad to say my wife has never worked outside her home.

It is the old tale. "The more they have, the more they want." But they cannot take it with them.

P. M.

Halton-road, Canonbury.

FOOTBALLING AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

May I suggest a means of largely increasing the fund for the unemployed?

Every football club taking a gate—say within a twenty-mile radius of Charing Cross—should, on a given Saturday, devote the whole of its gate-money to the fund.

There are some hundreds of clubs within that radius, and this should swell the fund to a very great extent.

J. FRASER.

Hope Villa, Felixstowe.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord George Hamilton.

FOR many years we have grown accustomed to seeing his name on every important Commission, Council, or Committee which it has pleased those in authority to set deliberating. Now, therefore, goes almost without saying that he is chairman of the newly-appointed Royal Commission on the Poor-law.

Lord George Hamilton has had an unusually complete and continuous experience of parliamentary life. He was born in 1845, a son of the first Duke of Abercorn, started upon a career in the Army, and became a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards.

He began to enter political life under the auspices of Disraeli, who liked him very much, helped him in his early steps, and made him at last Under-Secretary for India (1874), whereupon a conventional permanent secretary at that office was heard to exclaim: "Heaven help us! He's a Guardsman!"

The Guardsman, however, did wonders at his post, and Lord George had, indeed, a longer period of office (eight years) when he became Secretary of State for India (1895) than anyone else before or since.

In addition, he has sat in the House without a break for thirty-five years, and of these twenty have been spent on the Treasury Bench.

He is a "convinced free-trader," so perhaps finds his constituents less loyal in the months to come.

IN MY GARDEN.

NOVEMBER 29.—Stormy weather has returned, and outdoor work is again impossible. Yet round the fire there are fascinating catalogues to study, plans to make for next year's garden.

Few flowers are more charming than the anemones. Besides the popular *coronaria* species, there are the lovely wood anemones, which grow freely in shady beds.

Anemone blanda lights up a border with blue and white stars, while the *spennina* variety (easy to grow) is well worth cultivating.

E. P. T.



Who is helping Lady St. Helier to find work for unemployed women in connection with the "Daily Mirror" scheme. One hundred women will be at work shortly in five of the poorest districts in London.—(Lafayette.)

story in this connection about a reception given by Lady Lily Greene at Pretoria.

* * *

The hostess had taken up her stand at the door of the reception-room to welcome her guests. One stout Boer lady observed an A.D.C., standing next her, and taking him for Sir Congham Greene turned to him, grasped his hand heartily, and said: "Sir Greene, how are you?" Many explanations and apologies followed the false start. Our new Minister at Bucharest is, by the way, a brother of Mr. Plunkett Greene, the well-known singer.

* * *

The Earl of Wicklow, who has just been appointed a representative peer of Ireland, will only be twenty-five next month. He succeeded to his title when he was only fourteen. It will be remembered that he married, a little more than two years ago, a daughter of the second Duke of Abercorn, Lady Gladys Hamilton. Their wedding was a formidable affair—the crowd of sightseers and relatives who came made it quite impossible for anybody to see anybody else; the two little girls who acted as bridesmaids had to be removed from the crush crying bitterly; and the whole thing was, in fact, an immense success. To be successful a reception must be crowded.

* * *

The Wicklow peerage is one of those that have been disputed. It was maintained, when the fourth Earl died in 1869, without male issue, that his nephew could not succeed, because the child of

of women. The gods were kind to Miss Cook, and made her an exception. She was beautiful enough, in fact, to have some idea before her marriage of going on the stage; but her marriage put an end to the plan. George Eliot, who knew her well, called her the loveliest woman she had ever seen, and the great writer, painfully sensitive of her own ugliness, would perhaps, as she sometimes said, have been willing to renounce her intellectual gifts for the gift of a pretty face.

* * *

Mme. Séverine, one of the best-known woman journalists in France, has been giving evidence in the trial of the four men charged with complicity in the attempt made on King Alfonso during his official visit to Paris. She knew one of the men accused, and spoke up boldly for him. Mme. Séverine has an enormous number of acquaintances in Paris, some of them of a distinctly Bohemian type.

* * *

She is small, and her clever face is crowned by a mass of featherly hair, rather like Mine. Sarah Bernhardt's—only less untidy. She talks with little quick motions of her hands, in a hurried voice, for she works too hard to have time for anything else. Yet her great ambition used to be to become a playwright. Nowadays, everybody wants to get famous quickly, to make money at the same time, and few are content to "write for posterity." Mme. Séverine realises that it is only by the stage that authors can be sure of getting money and fame without having to wait for them.

NEWS

PORSMOUTH SUFFERS FROM THE GALE



The effects of the gale at Portsmouth, showing the damage done to the esplanade between the saluting battery and Southsea. The body of the sea-wall has been dashed away, leaving a layer of stones suspended.—(Cozens.)

BROAD-STREET, PORSMOUTH, FLOODED.



Owing to the severe weather, Broad-street, Old Portsmouth, was flooded by the gale combined with an extraordinary high tide. All the streets at Point were flooded by the sea.—(Cozens.)

OXFORD-STREET PRIVATE LAMPS ABOLISHED.



By order of the Marylebone Borough Council, private lamps in front of shops are to be done away with. The photograph shows some of the private street lamps in Oxford-street.

NEW AMBASSADOR



Sir Arthur Nicolson, who is to succeed Sir Charles Hardinge as British Ambassador at St. Petersburg.—(Amy Cassels.)

SIR M. W. E. DE BUNSEN,



Minister at Lisbon, who succeeds Sir A. Nicolson as Ambassador at Madrid.—(Barnett.)

MINISTER AT BUCHAREST.



Sir W. Conyngham Greene, Minister at Berne, who succeeds Sir J. Kennedy as Minister at Bucharest.—(Elliott and Fry.)

ZOO'S HUMMING-BIRD.



The first living humming-bird to arrive in England, and the only survivor of five sent from South America to the Zoo.

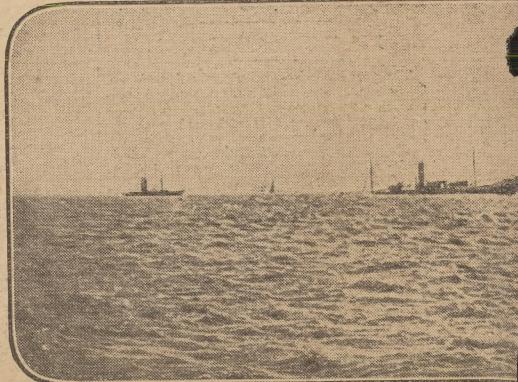
SCENES FROM MIDSUMMER

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ADMIRABLE SHAKESPEARE



(1) Beautiful scene in the fairy wood when Oberon, King of the Fairies, picture is the impish "Puck," and in the centre Titania, Queen of the though he has an ass's head; (2) Mr. Oscar Asche as "Bottom"—the we Duke Theseus; (3) Helena (Miss Lily Brayton, marked with an X) and

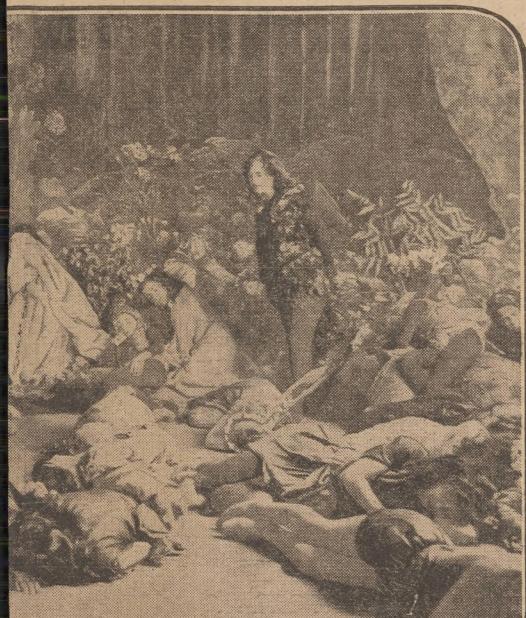
SIX TUGS TOW SINKING VESSE



Photograph showing tugs engaged in towing the ss. Leander, which her up the Thames for repair.

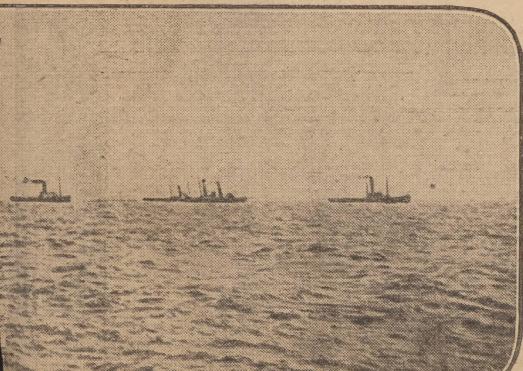
“NIGHTS DREAM”

SPEAREAN PRODUCTION AT THE ADELPHI.



... all the human beings sunk in an enchanted sleep—on the right of the Fairies, repose in “Bottom’s” arms—she has fallen in love with him, over rehearsing in the carpenter’s shop for the play to be performed before hermita (Miss Frances Dillon) in the Duke’s palace at Athens.—(Ellis and ery.)

STERN FIRST UP THE THAMES.



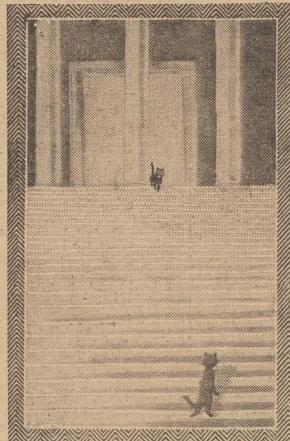
into collision off Margate. Altogether six tugs were employed to get Her head was entirely submerged.

XMAS CATS.



L’Enfant Terrible: “Ask her, Mr. Tomkins. She told me she would accept you.”

THE CHALLENGE.



The Sublime and the Ridiculous. Drawings from Mr. Louis Wain’s clever Christmas annual. (Published by P. S. King and Son, 2 and 4, Great Smith-street, Westminster.)

NAPOLEON’S CHAIR.



This chair, which belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, is shortly to be offered for sale.

IEWS

XMAS SHOPPING IN THE WEST END.



The shop windows in the West End are already decked out with pretty Christmas gifts, and form a great attraction to youngsters, as the photograph shows.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY STEEPELCHASE.



Mr. Ivor Buxton on Tom Cat II., winner of the Cambridge University Challenge Cup, clearing the water jump at the Waterloo Course, near Huntingdon. Mr. Buxton finished alone.

THE MAN-WOMAN.



Miss Edith Shillsop, who met her death by jumping out of a train whilst struggling to escape from custody. She had previously led a life of fraud dressed as a man.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

CHAPTER XXVI (continued).

"If you'll tell me 'm!' said the little servant, returning presently.

Clare swayed, and, reaching out suddenly with one hand, steadied herself against the wall; then she followed the servant up badly lighted stairs to the second floor. Here the servant indicated a door with a jerk of her thumb, and disappeared down the stairs, with a slithering of slouched feet.

Clare stood quite still, and stared at the door. She might have been a thing of stone. A paralysis still fettered her limbs when the door opened, and a man bulked out largely in the aperture.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Please come inside. I must ask you to excuse the state of my room."

Clare's hand went to her bosom, and touched something; then she passed into the room mechanically.

The air was tainted with an odour of cheap cigars. A pack of fortune-telling cards, their faces bearing cabalistic designs, was spread out on the table. Not far from it stood a crystal globe.

Clare gripped suddenly at the back of a chair, and fought down a feeling of horrible faintness. The past three days and nights had been one prolonged nightmare. A dazed sense of unreality possessed her now.

"Won't you be seated?"

Clare only gripped the chair with both hands.

Professor Quentin, palmist, character delineator, and psychometrist, moved away to the fireplace and warmed his thick hands behind his back. He was a bulk-necked man, clean-shaven, with a low forehead and long black hair that trailed over the collar of his shabby velvet coat. The features were handsome in a coarse kind of way, but oleaginous, and wearing an expression of smooth craftsmanship. At one time he had a most lucrative and fashionable practice in the West End, and strings of sand-widmen had advertised "Xanti"; but a ruthless exposure in a daily paper was followed by a police prosecution, and the West End knew "Xanti" no more. Then, after a considerable lapse of time, Professor Quentin appeared in the Euston-road, and servant-girls and shillings took the place of fashionable dames and fees varying from one to ten guineas.

"I take it for granted," said the quondam Xanti, in a voice greased with a certain amount of deference, "that I am addressing Miss Mainwaring."

"Yes," answered Clare, with motionless lips.

"Since writing my note to you," he continued, with a sigh that was theatrical rather than genuine, "I have had a letter from my—er—erroneous wife."

Clare's grip tightened on the chair, but the thought of a white-haired, proud-faced old lady helped her to conquer a feeling of nauseating faintness.

"She begs me to forgive her—forget her—"

"Please spare me personal details," Clare was speaking like a machine. "I wish this interview to be short as possible. In your note you said that unless some compromise were effected you would institute divorce proceedings and claim £1,000 damages. You hinted at certain compromising letters in your possession that would figure as evidence."

"They came into my possession after my wife's flight," said the palmist.

"I wish for no detail. You are willing to give up those letters and take no further steps in the matter for £1,000? That is what it amounts to, is it not?"

Clare seemed to be forcing the words from her throat. The room, with its tawdry, dingy fittings, was swishing, swishing round like some roundabout, as a fair.

The palmist brushed a silk handkerchief across his eyes.

"I am willing to do this for the sake of the child—my motherless child now. The money shall be set aside as a sacred trust for her—my poor, little motherless girl!"

Clare drew in her breath with a sharp hiss. She grunted for strength not to faint.

The quondam Xanti forced his handkerchief into the hollows of his eyes. His low-browed head sank forward. He was nauseating; it was so unreal, so theatrical.

"I am open to a compromise for the child's sake," he murmured, a tremble introduced into his oleaginous voice.

"I have no scruples," he added, "about taking the money! One of your family has robbed me of something that all the gold in the world could not buy back. There is only this consolation—the price of my silence will leave my child provided for should anything happen to me; but a thousand pounds won't buy another mother for her!"

The charlatan whipped the handkerchief from his eyes, slapped the air with it as if to shake it free of tears, and pulled himself together after the fashion of stage-fathers. It would have been grotesquely humorous but for the unspeaking tragedy of the woman's figure in an atmosphere tinted with moral sewer-gas. Again Clare forced the words from her choking throat.

"Let us settle matters at once," she whispered.

"Give me those letters, and you shall have the money."

His heart was like a cold stone within her. Had there been a particle of genuineness in this horrible man's crocodilian emotion, she must have broken down utterly. It would have been unbearable, she

had been suddenly brought in contact with a side of life that had hitherto been as a sealed book to her.

"If you will excuse me a moment," said the palmist, and passed into an adjoining room.

When he returned, he carried a bundle of letters, and Clare crushed a small parcel of banknotes in her hand. She had cashed Balshaw's cheque that morning.

"Put them down on that table—stay where you are—don't come near me!"

There was a little scream in her voice as she uttered the notes from her on to the table. This man was contamination. She reached out for the letters, and drew back her hand as if afraid to touch them. They were her brother's letters to the woman he had dishonoured—the wife of this man who could coolly handle them as if they were so much harmless waste-paper.

The palmist forgot his rôle at sight of the notes.

He moistened his thick lips with his tongue, like thirsty man who happens upon a well, and, snatching up the notes, flicked them through with his thick and none-too-clean fingers.

When he looked up, Clare, who had never raised her veil, was gone. His small eyes were glittering with the greed of gold. His fleshy lips were inclined to be moist, as if the notes had produced a sudden flow of saliva.

"Properly worked," he whispered, wringing music from the notes by crumpling them, "properly worked, this is a little gold-mine!"

The letters in Clare's hands burnt hot as fire as she hurried down the badly-lit stairs. On the landing below, some Frenchwoman was railing vituperatively in one of the rooms. It was all foul and horrible. The door of another room opened an inch, and someone peeped at her through the chink and whistled after her. The semi-darkness was filled with terrors for her now. When she reached the passage there was no sign of living soul. The outer door was in comparative darkness, and the latch baffled her. She thrust the letters away in a pocket and tried to open the door with both hands. She felt a fierce desire to scream for help.

But still the latch baffled her. She flung up her veil to see what she was doing.

The baize-door shutting off the passage from the outer door was flung back. And as she still wrestled with the latch the sound of slithering footsteps reached her from behind. Then a soft, would-be enticing whistle, and a voice in broken English:

"'V you in such a grade hurry, mees. Ze doo

stick! Permette moi!"

A man, wearing carpet-slippers, was gliding along the passage towards her.

"Oh, no, no, no! Not so quick!"

The man broke into a slithering trot just as she solved the riddle of the latch and wrenched it back.

It was nightmare. A throaty, choking cry burst from her lips. As she pulled at the door someone outside snatched, and at the same time the bell-pull grinded, and the bell jangled furiously in the basement depths.

Clare screamed back. The Frenchman came on, but more hesitatingly.

A man, one side of his body carried stiffly and his right arm braced up in a sling, entered swiftly.

"Save me from that man!" cried Clare, and covered her face with her hands, as she sank, half-fainting, on to her knees. Someone strode past her.

An oath in French was cut short by the sharp sound of a blow on flesh and the clatter of someone falling against wainscoting. A draught had blown to the door and latched it again.

Clare staggered to her feet. She saw a bundle torn from itself from the ground, resolve itself into a human being, and whip out something that flashed bright in the semi-darkness. She tried to scream; but there was no sound. The other man's back was turned to her. It was all over so quickly that her blurred senses scarcely had time to record what happened. The knife flew away into the darkness like a boomerang. The Frenchman went down, and did not rise again.

A moment later the other man was bending over Clare stiffly, his body seeming curiously rigid from the waist upwards.

It was Balshaw. His face was grey, his mouth a straight line.

"You—you!" whispered Clare.

"Yes. Quick! You must get out of this place before there's more trouble!"

His one useful arm was round her. He dragged her to the door. Voices were shouting out.

Relaxing hold for one moment, he wrenched back the latch, dragged Clare outside, then slammed the door behind him.

"Take my arm," he said quickly. "Now you are outside, there's nothing to be afraid of."

She clung to his arm like a trembling child.

"There, there," he said, rough tenderness in his voice, "that is all finished and done with."

They had passed into the Euston-road. He hailed a hansom.

"In you get," he said. "I'm going to see you safely home."

He was the abrupt, resistless, masterful man now. Clare entered the cab dazedly. She was too dazed to ask herself or him questions. Balshaw gave the driver the address through the trap.

Then he turned to Clare. A snatchy sound came from his throat.

She was in a dead faint.

(To be continued.)

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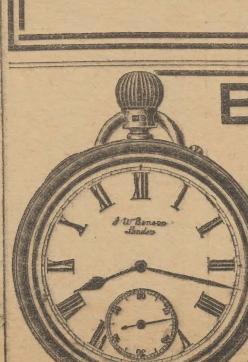
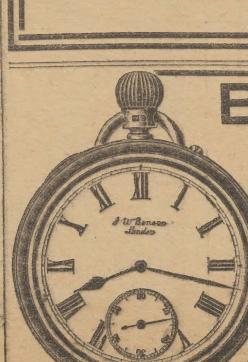
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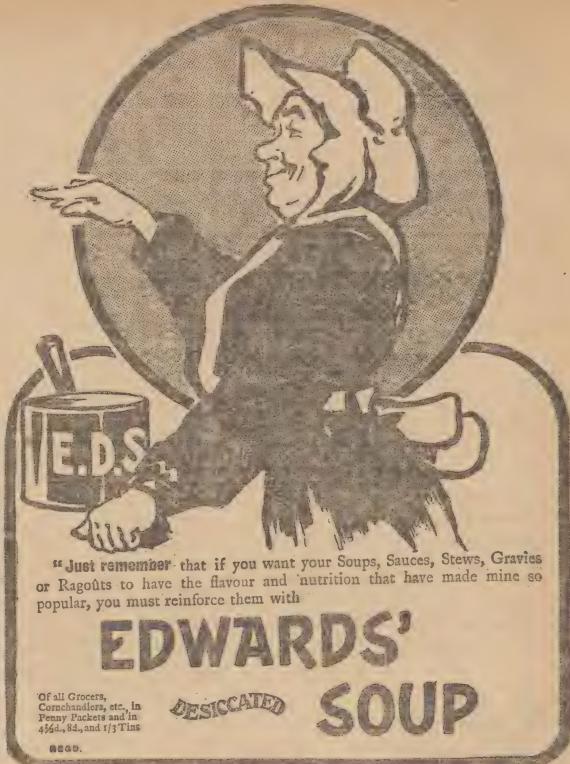
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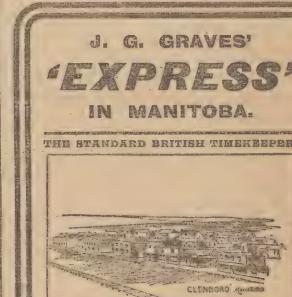
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Send only 5/- deposit, and the watch will be sent for free test and examination. When you are satisfied, send it back, and your 5/- will be instantly returned. If you prefer, you can either complete the purchase in one or more monthly payments of 5/-, or for the sum of a deposit.

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WINTER IN NORWAY.

WOMEN WHO ARE PROFICIENT ON THE NATIONAL SKI.

By ELICE OSBORN.

Though to the Queen of Norway Court ceremonies and royal etiquette may not be altogether welcome, there will be one phase in the life of her subjects with which she will have keen sympathy. From her earliest girlhood she has loved active outdoor exercise, and has skated and cycled to her heart's content, and it is more than likely that she will now become an enthusiast in the Norwegian art of skiing.

It is a distinctly Scandinavian art, and owes its existence to the peculiar conditions in which the peasants of the outlying districts found themselves long years ago in the winter months. The ordinary skate and the snowshoe were of no avail in the drifting snow, and so some clever man invented the long wooden shoe that the Norwegian now regards as one of the necessities of life.

It consists of a long plank of wood, cut with the grain so that it may not split. The exact shape varies according to local requirements, but it is generally rounded and curved at the tip. About



No. 323.—The Milkmaid Costume.—The children's fancy-dress party season will soon be here, and fond mothers will be trying to find a pretty costume for their little girls to wear. The milkmaid costume shown above is a charming scheme which carried out in blacked muslin will make a pretty sight, though the cap, the latter included in the pattern, is the costume is modelled for girls from eight to fourteen years of age.

No. 326.—The Japanese Girl.—Highly appropriate is this quaint and becoming costume for the winter ballroom. It consists of a red and gold-patterned Eastern-looking muslin, with a collar and wide sash of amber silk. This pattern is modelled for girls of fourteen to eighteen years of age, with a waistband, cold-shoulder, or tacked on, including size 16-24. Apply to the Manageress, the Carnetie Paper Pattern Department, D.M. 2, Carnetie House, Carnetie-street, E.C. 2, sending postal-order, in payment, and mentioning the number of the pattern required.

the middle is fastened the thong or strap that passes about the foot—the foot, it is said, being wrapped in fur until it loses all semblance to its original shape.

The length varies with the height of the wearer. Tall people might have their ski about ten feet long. The method of testing for the length is to stretch the arm down straight from the shoulder. It should be able to touch the curved tip of the shoe.

An exhilarating exercise.

When skiing ceased to be merely a method of locomotion, and the men of different country districts vied with each other in the skillful and artistic manipulation of their long shoes, the men of the town took it up. It was some time before girls joined their ranks, for the older and more conservative women looked askance at the notion when it was first mooted; but, as in cycling with us, prejudice was overcome, and now Norway's maidens are experts in the art.

Even the amateur may taste something of its delights. A little practice soon makes it possible to manage the apparently cumbersome appendages. The fresh, dry air exhilarates as nothing else can do, and the beauty of the dark pines casting deep

shadows on the ground, of the silver birches tipped with feathery flakes of the vivid colouring of the sky reflected in the vast masses of snow, blots out the fact that the mercury in the thermometer has frozen. With warm blood tingling in the veins and a fairytale stretched before the eye the freezing of mercury loses its significance.

Every village has its ski club, and in the early part of the year when the ground—or, rather, the snow—is in good condition, competitions are held all over the country. The grand event of the year, the Hohenkollen at Christiania, is the Norwegian Derby, and competitors and spectators flock to it from all parts of the country.

He Jumps Over One Hundred Feet.

Only the younger men take part in these sports, which are, to the unininitiated, almost miraculous. That a man should be able to jump at will with 8ft. or 10ft. of wood fastened to each of his feet is astounding, but that he should be able to jump 100ft. is something more. Those who have watched it say the spectacle is absolutely bewildering.

The jump is like the sudden swoop of a bird to earth or the swift rushing through the air with sure and certain aim. Occasionally, when a man alights too near the front part of the ski, the wood breaks, but accidents are few, even in these extreme competitions. In ordinary circumstances, ski seldom break.

A CHARMING GIRL.

ESSENTIALS THAT GO TO HER MAKING.

Every girl can be charming if she makes up her mind to it and tries to cultivate her advantages whatever they may be and no matter how small they may seem.

Of course, different girls have different ways of being attractive and varying expressions of charm. One girl is extremely clever, though she may lack even a hint of physical beauty. Another girl's charm will lie in her sweet expression, her smile,



her gentle manner, although her complexion be poor and she may not deserve the epithet pretty. Some girls have a fund of fun and good nature that wins all persons with whom they come in contact, irrespective of their other qualities.

In order to cultivate charm, study your good points, physical and mental, but do not imitate anybody; you must be individually charming if you want to get on in the world. Conquer shyness. It spoils a girl to be too bashful; learn to be easy and graceful in mind and manner. Cast away self-consciousness, another hideous enemy to charm. Don't be too important; don't be grasping or overshrewd, but be kind, forgiving, and generous-minded.

Cultivate balance and a sense of humour. Study to be pleasant naturally, and remember that neatness of person counts much with a charming girl. Even if a girl's clothes are not grand and smart they can, at any rate, be neat and tidy. Cultivate the habit of cleanliness and neatness in dressing.

A great deal of charm lies in a kind heart; cherish a pleasant way of speaking to everybody, for much may be accomplished by a kind smile and nice manners. Charming women are never too serious nor self-opinionated. They are pleasant, simple, and good-tempered.

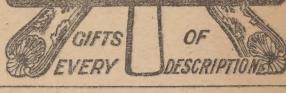


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Is there a hope in this wide world dearer to your heart than that your children should go out into life bearing that within them which will make them good and true men and women? If you have boys or girls, you know that they will read. They must read. The important point is to see that the books to which they have recourse are healthy books—books that make for manliness and womanliness.

The Child's Point of View

You must not, however, expect your children to look upon things with your eyes, or regard them with your thoughts. Their standpoint is not yours, and it is not fitting that it should be. As was truly said by Wordsworth, "The child is father to the man"; but the child is a child all the same, and the kind of man he will become depends largely upon the environment of his childhood days. Give him good literature—not goody-goody literature, which is a very different thing—and his mind will thrive and expand upon it.

Formation of Character

According to what children read, much of their tastes, habits, and ideas of life will be formed. But how shall you guide their reading? How shall you know that they are not poring over trash that will distort their pure childish vision and poison their minds? A book need not be vicious to be harmful; it need not be immoral to pervert a youthful mind; it need only be untruthful—that is, in its pictures of life and character and consequences—to impart such false ideas as lure many young people to inefficient careers, and often ruin.

A Good Influence

When once boys or girls have been unconsciously led to appreciate what is true in literature—what gives out the sterling ring—trash will cease to have any temptation for them. If you place before them a wide selection of the best, presented in an attractive and accessible form, they will not fail to sample it, and once having done that the conquest is as good as completed; and by and by—it doesn't take long—the trash becomes distasteful to them; they know there is something wrong with it, though they cannot tell exactly what, probably; they care for such things no longer; and if they have the good fortune to have the right books always at hand to suit their reading desires, their instincts will do the rest. The boy or girl who has gained a taste for the best books will be among those who succeed.

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It is easy to understand how these twenty big volumes will gradually draw the youthful readers on from the plains to the heights, from the heights to the mountain summits of literature. The pictures will doubtless form the first alluring feature, for there are 500 of them, all full-page pictures. The young people will be impressed by many of the stirring scenes depicted, and when they have mastered the details of a picture they will want to know the story of it, and then will follow the reading, so they will gradually learn what a vast treasure-land it is that these volumes have to reveal, and they will begin exploring on their own account.

An Endless Feast

When these things are possible—when it is in your power not only to supply your home with a beautiful, comprehensive, complete twenty-volume Library that will have a direct and powerful influence in the training, educating, and forming of the minds of your children, but also provide yourself and other older members of your family with an endless feast of fascinating reading—the best of the best—that will never grow stale—when you can do these things for 2s. 6d. down and 5s. a month for a short time, is there any possible reason why you should not write to-day for the Free Booklet giving specimen pages, illustrations, and full particulars of this great Library?

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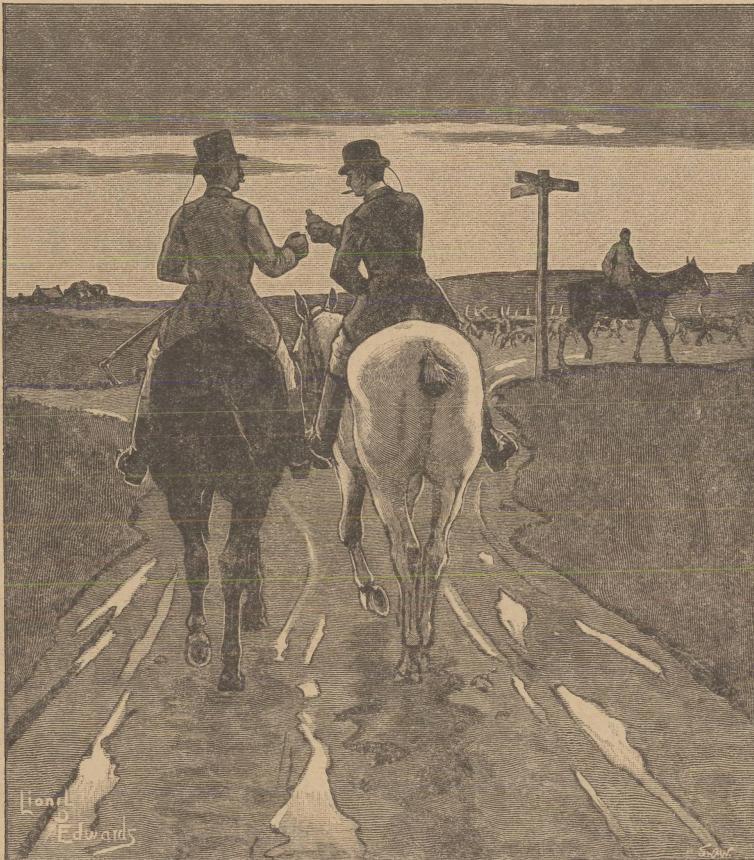
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